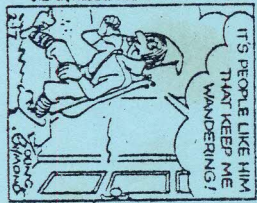
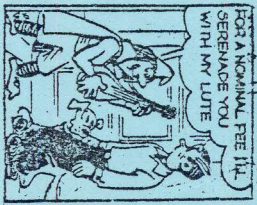
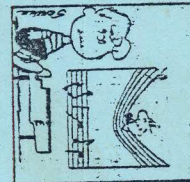
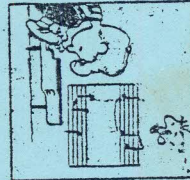
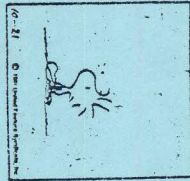
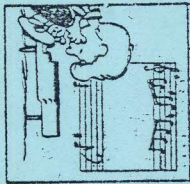


APPA-FIX

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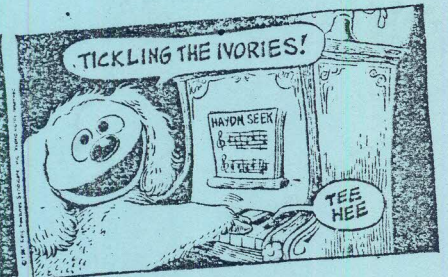


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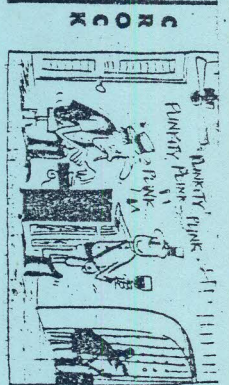
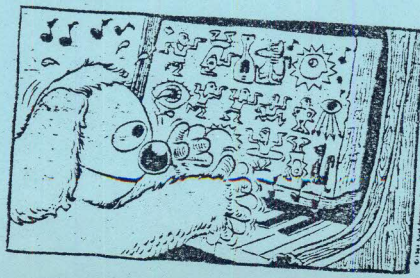
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MUPPETS



MUPPETS



AUG. 1982

SING & PIE

(SgSp)
15th Stanza
APA-Filk #15

Mark L. Blackman, 1745 East 18th
St. #4A, Brooklyn, NY 11229 /
212-336-3255 / July 29, 1982

A PA-Filkers do it till dawn: at Disclave, Lee Burwasser led a SCandalous filksing, while Marc Glasser led a hopping (as opposed to floating) filksing, injured foot and all, as we tried to find a location after his neighbor Eva Whitley had closed his first one so her son could sleep. Earlier that night, on the way back from dinner, Charlie Belov said he'd written a filk of "Taxi"; Donna Camp immediately protested that Harry Chapin shouldn't be filked because "he's great." This raises an interesting question: are there people or songs which are unfilkable sacred cows? Filks are wide-ranging at times in their use of originals: I've filked local folksinger Andy Breckman, also have seen a not-too-funny (unbawdy) filk of "Banned from Argo" on the Pern Dragons.

As for other infamous originals, one of the most infamous songs (lengthwise) in the NESFA Hymnal is "Young Man Mulligan / Great Fantastical Bum." Scientifically, the filk refers to the P. Schuyler Miller story (and song verses therein) "Old Man Mulligan" in Astounding, Dec. 1940. But the song "I Was Born About 10,000 Years Ago" is older - and newer, verses to the original (non-sf) being done all the time. (Miller refers to Lindbergh and the Hitler-Stalin Pact.) I saw one set of verses in an American folksong book, the song described as a West Virginian "teaching" song and the hero (I don't know if Miller is the first/only one to use the name Mulligan for him) possibly the Wandering Jew ~~10000 010 101101010 101101010~~. In the '60s, the Chad Mitchell Trio did a version (Woody Guthrie's) called "The Great Historical Bum (The Bragging Song)," the "I was born about 10,000 years ago" verses alternating with "I'm just a lonesome traveler, a great historical bum" ones. Oscar Brand did a version with his own words - and different tune. Basically, though, themewise and tunewise, the original is very much alive (as Mulligan) as both folksong and filksong. And I'll whip the guy who says that it ain't so.

finally

At Unicon, I ^{finally} heard the group Clam Chowder; at one point, they did "Volga Boatmen" in Russian, with the audience grunting when appropriate.

-&-&- THE MELODY LINGERS: Comments on APA-Filk #14 -&-&-&-&-&-&-&-

COVER: May Day, Red Group Leader, I wish I'd come prepared.

SgSp: The "Space Rabbi" filk is, of course, meant to be sung at the end of Purim festivities when it will (seem to) scan.

Qwxb!/Greg Baker: It was a lot of fun doing that song (and the broadcast) and we inspired two other APA-Filkers.

DR. ORBIT/Charlie Belov: Good try on "The Answer's the Number 42."

A WAND'RING MISTRIAL II/Dave Schwartz: Ah, but you see I cleverly arranged at collation to have Bob's and your zines follow mine and Greg's. // I scanned your "Libya" verse but it didn't reciprocate.

SO STICK YOUR HEAD IN A PIE SHARE AND ENJOY/Marc Glasser: We've been waiting for you to put in a zine. The first 10 million years were the worst.

STRUM UND DRANG/Lee Burwasser: At Lee Gold's Boskone filksing they sang a verse "My old man's a bug-eyed monster." What do you think about that?

ANAKREON/John Boardman: The Sigmen religion (Farmer's The Lovers) is anti-Israeli and has with Freudianism that there are no "accidents." // So that's what Beryl's been doing lately. Try writing almost any popular song of the past 2 centuries without those 17 words. I go to Folk City just to hear Andy Breckman or the Bermuda Triangle (last New Year's Eve, both).

BACOVER: Boynton is an industry. I've seen her "Hippo Birdie Two Ewes."

See some of you ~~filks~~ folks at Chicon? Come all ye filkers.

MB

This is

HEMI DEMI SEMI QUAVER

HDSQ for short, produced by
Jordin Kare, 2523 Ridge Rd., Berkeley, CA 94709
For APA-Filk number 14

Hi, folks. Sorry I missed last issue. Life has been rather hectic. My Ph.D. work has caught up with me, and on top of that I've got a second project going, trying to do some work out at Livermore Labs. On top of that I've got Off-Centaur and the printing press. Ah, well.

Bayfilk is now history, and I think we can call it a success. It ran Friday thru Sunday, March 5-7. We sold over 110 memberships, and attendance was over 100. Margaret was GOH, and in addition, Off-Centaur flew Leslie Fish out from Chicago for the con -- she was temporarily unemployed, and had enough California friends so we didn't have to pay for housing, so the only cost was a super-bargain fare airline ticket. Even so, we felt definitely mogul-ish, flying in the famous singer for a recording session. We'll have at least one new Leslie Fish tape out shortly, titled Skybound, and maybe more.

*****It is now the evening of April 28, and if I am to have any hope of getting this to John Boardman, I'm going to have to cut it short. Most of this contribution is going to consist of the new Off-Centaur catalog, which is of interest for two reasons. First, of course, there's a bunch of stuff which we hope you'll want to buy -- preferably right away, because we need cash to produce a bunch of stuff in the next couple of months. Second, this catalog is the first successful print run from the Off-Centaur offset press -- we've pretty much decided not to run Moondial Press separately. We've turned out some lousy stuff before this, but last night I finally got everything working right with decent (Itek) plates.

A filk to earn my keep. I can't believe no one used this before. The tune is, obviously, "An actor's life for me."

Hi-diddle-de-de, a filker's life for me.
A plastic ear and an iron throat,
A mangled beat and a strangled note,
Hi-diddle-de-do, you sing 'til after two (or three, or four, or five),
You strum along on a big guitar,
You dine on Tully and snacks bizarre,
You get tossed out of the hotel bar...
Hi-diddle-de-de, a filker's life for me!

Forward, into the past (just a bit):

RBL: I will not, repeat not, start making up light bulb joke verses. "Mama Don't Allow" is bad enough.

Harold, FDiTD: I'll be curious to see what the response on your tape idea is -- that's liable to be a lot of work. Rather like Dont they Know -- wish I knew the tune.

David Schwartz: Thanks for further info on copyrights. I was unaware of the 3 month

filing requirement (I understood that one could file at any time, though failure to file would lead to major difficulties in the event of infringement). *Brimelow v. Casson* is delightful.

SuD, Lec: Be curious to see if your contest yields anything. Off-Centaur has been working on a Dorsai book, & we've talked to Gordy a bit, but currently it's some way down on the schedule. "Those Who Wait" in The Westerfilk Collection was written because Teri was tired of the Dorsai men glorying in battle all the time, but the mood is not quite what you're after.

RE bardic circles: the rule at Bay Area sings is strictly one song per person, but even that is painful when the circle gets beyond 15-20 people. Bayfilk deliberately put off the Bardic until Sunday -- we ran a concert on Friday night and a Midwestern on Saturday -- so that 1) the number of people would be down a bit (due to departures and to folks being sung out and off talking) and 2) the good singers would have had a chance to do a fair amount of material already, so that the "audience" of non-performers (who still get a pick in the circle) would have some new things to request, instead of, "well, uh, how 'bout bouncing potatoes, 'cause that's all I know." A strict verse limit loses -- there are quite a number of fine ballads around that are longer, for instance "The Queen of Air and Darkness." Ruling them out for a round or two might be good, though -- I never do "All Debts Are Paid" (22 verses) until fairly late. The trick may be to limit the purely repetitious ones, and the unintelligibles (no Very Olde English, for instance), and put up with the occasional bad ballad.

Something that has been proposed but not yet implemented here is that circular sings include some special provision for group sings, so that they don't take up a regular turn. Most people who do sing solos want to use their turns for them, which (if the group is talented and/or egotistical) means that very few rowdy old favorites get sung. At the Bayfilk Concert, we put in 2 or 3 group songs after each 20-30 minute performance, which worked well. Maybe give each person a couple of free "interrupts" for group songs, usable any time?

Thanks for the kind words about Westerfilk. We tried to keep the crud level down. The same is true for the tapes we've got coming out. The good news is that The Westerfilk Collection, Volume II, will indeed be out soon, and we think the quality will be as good or better.

Now I have to figure out how to get this to John in 24 hours. I hope it makes it.

OFF - CENTAUR PUBLICATIONS
CATALOG of SCIENCE FICTION SONGBOOKS, TAPES, and RECORDS
SPRING 1982

Hi, folks! Off-Centaur seems to have grown a bit lately, mostly while we weren't looking. We find ourselves with enough books, 'zines, records, and cassettes -- especially cassettes -- to fill four whole pages, so we've officially changed our "flyer" into a "catalog." We've even got catalog numbers, to help us keep orders straight. We've also separated postage charges from our prices, as the number of people ordering several things at once has increased.

We're still doing this basically for fun, but it's acting more and more like a real business. This has some unpleasant side effects, like making us collect sales tax on California orders. On the other hand, it means we'll be around for a while, so let us know what you'd like us to produce and/or carry. More songbooks? More records? (We've already got more tapes planned.) How about individual song sheets? We're listening....

Anyway, here's what we have now, or at least coming right up:

SONGBOOKS:	<u>Catalog number(!)</u>	<u>Price each*</u>
<u>THE WESTERFILK COLLECTION</u>	WF-B1	\$7.00
56 of the finest science fiction and fantasy songs available, by Poul Anderson, Leslie Fish, Ann Passovoy, and many more. Professionally illustrated, with sheet music for all original tunes. Printed on quality 70 lb. bond for long life. Our finest songbook -- now in its second printing. Please specify choice of binding: ____ spiral ____ 3 hole punch		
<u>CRYSTAL MEMORIES</u>	CM-B2	\$5.00
Twenty-five songs by musicians Cynthia McQuillin and Phillip Wayne. All original tunes, complete with music. Professionally illustrated. A beautiful collection. 34 pages, saddle stapled.		
<u>MASSTERIA</u>	MS-B1	\$3.00
A collection of media-oriented songs by the L.A. Filkharmonics. 40 songs, including "Womp Rat Clementine" and the only known filksong set to the William Tell Overture. 40 pages, saddle stapled.		
<u>THE OAK, ASH, and THORN DRINK ALONG SONGBOOK</u>	OAT-B1	\$5.00
Oak, Ash, and Thorn, or OAT, are a trio (occasionally a quartet) of professional folksingers who specialize in a capella multipart renditions of old English ballads and drinking songs. While they have been known on occasion to sing filksongs, their books are entirely historical and frequently hysterical. This is their first book. 28 songs, with assorted bizarre illustrations. 28 pages, saddle stapled.		
<u>GOD BLESS THE HUMAN ELBOW</u>	OAT-B2	\$5.00
More, as they say, of the same. 25 songs in 32 pages, saddle stapled.		

CASSETTE TAPES:

Note: Cassettes are in Dolby (tm) stereo unless otherwise noted

<u>CRYSTAL SINGER</u>	45 Minutes	CM-C1	\$7.00
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Exceptional singer Cynthia McQuillin, performing all her songs from Crystal Memories and Crystal Visions. Recorded and produced by Off-Centaur. Includes songs ranging from "Lament of a Dry Town Bride" to "Green Passions". Also "Dark Desires", Cindy's song of a gay vampire.

<u>COSMIC CONCEPTS COMPLETE</u>	30 Minutes	DG-C1	\$7.00
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Songs of space flight by Diana Gallagher, a former professional folksinger and current science fiction writer from Baton Rouge, Florida. Includes "Moon Miner", "One Way to Go", and "Mass Driver Engineer."

<u>STARSONG</u>	45 Minutes	DG-C2	\$7.50
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More of Diana's songs, including "Phantom Lover of the Stardrive" and her paean to the Space Shuttle. Several of the songs are from an unpublished novel, Starsong, by Diana and Bill Wu.

<u>THE BEST OF FILKCON WEST</u>	60 Minutes	FW-C1	\$8.00
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Songs from Filkcon West, held in Los Angeles, June 1981. Songs by Juanita Coulson, Cathy Cook, Cindy McQuillin, Jordin Kare, Karen Willson, and more, including an amazing performance of Song of the Shieldwall.

<u>JUANITA COULSON, LIVE AT FILKCON WEST</u>	60 Minutes	FW-C2	\$8.00
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One of the most remarkable voices in fandom, performing as Guest of Honor at the Los Angeles Filkcon. Recorded live.

The Bayfilk Tapes:

Bayfilk I was held March 5-7, 1982, at the London Lodge in Oakland, CA. With over 100 filkers in attendance, and Margaret Middleton as Guest of Honor, it was probably the largest pure filk gathering in history.

<u>THE BAYFILK CONCERT</u>	60 Minutes	BF-C1	\$8.00
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Friday Night at Bayfilk was Concert Night — special performances by special performers. These are the highlights, carefully recorded and duplicated: songs by Margaret Middleton, Leslie Fish, Cindy McQuillin, Oak, Ash, and Thorn, Karen Willson, and the L.A. Filkharmonics.

<u>THE BEST OF BAYFILK</u>	60 Minutes	BF-C2	\$8.00
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Friday may have been concert night, but Saturday and Sunday everybody sang! This tape has been distilled from untold hours of raw material to provide the pure essence of Bayfilk, including a number of brand new songs never heard before.

<u>MARGARET MIDDLETON AT BAYFILK</u>	60 Minutes	BF-C3	\$8.00
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Not Live at Bayfilk this time — we caught her before the con, while her vocal cords (and guitar chords) were still alive. Lots of Dorsai songs, plus songs from the works of Poul Anderson, and much more, done by the Filk Lady of Little Rock, AR.

MORE CASSETTE TAPES:

<u>SKYBOUND</u>	60 Minutes	LF-C1	\$8.00
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Leslie Fish! The author of "Hope Eyrie", "Banned from Argo", "Iron Mistress", and a totally unreasonable number of other wonderful songs. Also the best damn' twelve string guitarist we've ever heard. Singing and playing the Monster on her first recording since Solar Sailors.

This tape includes new cuts of several favorites from Leslie's first record, the long out of print Folk Songs for Folks Who Ain't Even Been Yet. There's "Hope Eyrie", "Transport Eighteen", and "Engineer's Hymn", as they were meant to be. But there are lots of new songs, too: "Drunken Alien", "Skybound Blues", and our favorite, "Swamp Gas" -- a slightly updated version of the first filksong Leslie ever wrote. Produced by Off-Centaur, and definitely our Fishiest tape yet.

<u>CRYSTAL MEMORIES</u>	60 Minutes	CM-C2	\$8.00
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The companion tape to the Crystal Memories songbook. Cindy McQuillin and Phillip Wayne performing all the songs from the book.

The Marty Burke Tapes:

Marty Burke is a folksinger based at Chaim Sweeney's Pub in Detroit. His songs are a mix of Irish ballads, Scotch whiskey, and Lord knows what. Some Midwesterners have been seducing him into filksinging, and he was guest of honor at Filkcon II. These tapes are produced by Mike Tatum of Michigan, and are duplicated in real time on TDK or similar tape.

<u>MARTY BURKE at SWEENEY'S Vol. 1</u>	60 Minutes	MB-C1	\$8.00
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DEFINITELY NOT SERIOUS

<u>MARTY BURKE at SWEENEY'S Vol. 2</u>	60 Minutes	MB-C2	\$8.00
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Two straight (well, relatively) performances at Chaim Sweeney's. Volume 1 includes "The Old Dun Cow", "The Marvellous Toy", "The Unicorn", and the classic filk "Bouncing Potatoes". Volume 2 includes "Smokeoff", "Have Some Madeira, M'Dear", "Wayne County Sheriff", and "Tie Me Kangaroo Down", to name a few.

<u>CONCLAVE at SWEENEY'S, Spasm 1</u>	60 Minutes	MB-C3	\$8.00
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<u>CONCLAVE at SWEENEY'S, Spasm 2</u>	60 Minutes	MB-C4	\$8.00
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Two definitely filkish performances by Marty and friends. Spasm 1 includes a unique performance of "Lord of the Dance", "Armstrong", and a number of Dorsai songs. Spasm 2 includes "Drink to the Health of the Dorsai" and "Good Old Tullamore Dew" (I'll drink to that).

RECORD ALBUMS:

<u>SOLAR SAILORS</u>	LF-R1	\$7.00
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The difficult-to-find album by Leslie Fish and the DeHorn Crew, the only outer space union band. Includes "Starwind Rising", "Thoughts on Strange Visitors", and "Banned from Argo", among other favorites. Lyric booklet included.

<u>SOWING WILD OATS</u>	OAT-R1	\$8.00
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Oak, Ash, and Thorn's first album, and a great deal of fun. 16 songs, LP.

MAGAZINES available through Off-Centaur:FANTastic

A new, slick, and very professional fanzine, edited by Eric Gerds of Los Angeles, containing filksongs, comics, and miscellanea. #1 features a large selection of songs by Chris Weber, author of "Beware of the Sentient Chile". #2 contains the (almost) complete works of Karen Willson, complete with sheet music.

FANTastic #1	FAN-#1	\$3.00
FANTastic #2	FAN-#2	\$5.00

KANTELE

Kantele is the quarterly fanzine of the Filk Foundation, edited by Margaret Middleton. Each issue contains letters, articles of interest to filkers, and lots of good songs. Issues not listed are sold out.

Kantele #3	KNT-#3	\$0.80
Kantele #4/5 (combined)	KNT-#4	\$0.80
Kantele #6, #7	KNT-#6, #7	\$0.80 ea.
Kantele #8, #9, #10	KNT-#8, #9, #10	\$1.00 ea.

FANTASY BOOK

A monthly magazine of fantasy, edited by Nick Smith. One of the best of the new crop of professional magazines. Available only through selected outlets — including Off-Centaur.

Fantasy Book	#1 thru #4	FBK-#1 thru #4	\$3.00 ea.
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SHEET MUSIC

"Ludēmus et Saltēmus"	LS-SM1	\$1.00
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Duets for Soprano and Alto recorder, arranged by Dr. Ralph Andrews.

"Early English Ballads"	EB-SM2	\$1.00
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Arranged for four recorders (SSAT) by Dr. Ralph Andrews.

CENTAUR EVOLUTION POSTER

CE-PO1	\$1.00
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A pseudoscientific poster by Wendy Rose, artist and anthropologist.

COMING SOON FROM OFF-CENTAUR

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MINUS TEN and COUNTING: The finest of pro-space songs. 25 songs, spectacular cover. Support your local astronaut! An Off-Centaur Publication. Planned for August 1982.

The Westerfilk Collection, Volume II: Even better than the original. Available Summer 1982.

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THIS IS

hemi demi semi QUAVER

#10 (I think)

HDSQ for short, published for APA-Filk #15, August, 1982 by
Jordin Kare, 2523 Ridge Rd. #315, Berkeley, CA 94709

Well, I managed to miss two issues in a row. How was I to know that John was going to actually collate and mail the APA on the very morning of May 1? Any normal procrastinator would have taken at least an extra week. Oh, well. Put last quarter's HDSQ in with this one, John, and send it out at last.

Since May, we've gotten several tapes out and gone to a couple of conventions; well, one convention (Westercon) and one "Maxi-Filk" in Los Angeles. The maxi-Filk was back in early June, and only lasted one night, but a lot of people showed up. Part of this may be because it was in the LASFS clubhouse, so a lot of LASFS members dropped in. After the fashion of Bayfilk, there was a concert portion in the early evening which worked well. The LA Filkharmonics are getting very good indeed.

Westercon, over the July 4 weekend in Phoenix, was our deadline for finishing Westerfilk 2. We made it, but only by all but killing ourselves — we had serious press problems, and ended up working about 66 of the 72 hours immediately before leaving for the con. The results also left something to be desired, as we have found a totally unreasonable number of errors in the printing, some minor (chords slightly out of place), some major (the typesetting program ate about 6 lines, scattered through 4 songs, that we didn't spot. It's amazingly hard to spot complete lines missing in a song you know — your mind just fills in the gap without a pause.) Fortunately, we didn't run many copies, and the books are spiral bound, so we'll replace the bad pages before we sell any more, and redo the whole book very soon. This is much more economical to do with one's own press. We've located a tabletop metal plate maker, so the new pages and the reprint will be on metal plates — should be very pretty.

The book costs \$8.00, plus postage as listed in the catalog, if any of you want one. It's divided into Lasers, Lances, and Lunacies sections, and includes a bunch of never-before-printed songs, including "Tahl d'Jehn" (Diana Gallagher), "Gilda and the Dragon" (Cindy McQuillin), and "Darkness" and "The Designer" (Mine).

Westercon was not much for filking — we had a lousy location at the bottom of the main lobby stairs. Hard to find and noisy. I was also exhausted for the whole con, after the printing effort. We did move to a quieter room one night and had a nice sing. Bob Asprin was there as a special guest, to take some pressure off Gordy Dickson as GOH, and he came down for a while on Sat. and Sunday. Gordy did not make it to any filking, but did talk to us about Dorsai songbooks and tapes. Soon....

Off Centaur will be at Chicon in force, and I hope to see at least some of you there. Doesn't look like Minus Ten and Counting will be done (too much else going on) but we'll have everything else. Regrettably, I've been too busy printing filk (and incidentally working on my thesis project) to write any. So until Chicon....
Forward (slightly) into the past: comments on #14

SGSP, Mark: An encyclopibia?? oh, come now. "Baruch Rogers" belongs in a musical, not as a stand alone song — but how the hell can you do a parody of the Marx Bro's??

QWXB, Greg — could barely read my copy. There's a Darkover songbook out, if you like that kind of thing. Done with the very grudging permission of MZB.

Share and Enjoy — thanks for Psychotherapy in full — I've had fragments around for a long time & never found the whole thing. D. E. Schwartz's pun was so good, I didn't

even notice it — had to go back and look. Very neatly done.

FDITD, Harlold: My sympathies. Can I do any Xeroxing for you? Is the rumor from Margaret that you will be joining us on this coast true? RE con leaving songs, the following is (as near as I can remember it) the takeoff (appropriate term) I did on "Delta Dawn" while sitting in a Frontier Airlines jet for 3 hours in Denver, leaving Denvention. We had boarded an hour late, then sat around while they fixed a windshield wiper motor — twice. We taxied out — and taxied back. The "fasten seat belt" light switch was broken. They took the cockpit apart and fixed that. The steward asked everyone to cross their fingers. We taxied out — and sat. The "Doors Closed" idiot light wouldn't come on. The steward said, "Somebody didn't cross their fingers." We taxied back. An hour or so later we finally left.

Anakreon, John: Heard "Every man and woman a star" at a very pagan local filk gathering recently and it made no sense at all. Connected to Crowley, it makes a little sense, but still not much — I guess I'd have to read Crowley.

M3: I think you could find much non-trek filk by Leslie, but it depends on where you draw the line between "filk" and "folk". "Grain Train," for example, which has been described as Atlas Shrugged in 3 verses. Incidentally (RE OTR verses), at the pagan-hosted sing mentioned above, I heard OTR done, believe it or not, reverently. Selected verses of it, anyway.

Enough!



FRONTIER FLIGHT

Chorus: Frontier Flight, what's the problem with your light?
 Could it be a broken switch from days gone by?
 And did I hear you say, we'll be sittin' down here all day
 Before you get it fixed and we can fly.

Our convention's over and we're all headed home.
To Oakland, California we would roam.
But departure's just been moved from eight to ten.
And they're handing out free soft drinks once again

(Hm, less of this remains in memory than I thought. If I find the rest, I'll scribble it in. Meanwhile, I must stop typing and print this, then get it in the mail, like, soon. Anyway, the conclusion was:)

Denvention's over, this we surely know
But somehow Denver just won't let us go.



STRUM UND



DRANG

Vol. IV, #3

SuD

Lammastide

"All right, you mother-stickers, this is a fuckup!"

The tale is unlikely:
Said the boy,
It's wise to fear knives
Right softly we speak

A foolish deed
Yet only a chump
Swiftly drive forward:
Stand still now

Now turn and give chase,
Deftly as rabbits
While driving power
Swiftly they scuttle,

"Stand and deliver!"
the bold-faced braggart.
in nervous hands;
to sons of bitches.

to die for copper,
lets the chance fly past.
defense lies in motion.
and the stake will be lost.

for the chances are sporting:
they dodge and they run,
makes ponderous turning.
escape the far end.

This is the first alliterative poem I've managed to complete. It's in a very rough approximation of fornyrthislaug, the Old Verse. CSLewis once wrote of a poem, "If my lines rhymed and scanned and got on with the story I asked no more." This is about the same.

All the alliteration is precise: s with s, st with st, sc with sc. All link the half-lines; there's one alliterating word in the first two stressed syllables and on in the second.

Only one line, the last of the second stanza, has three stressed syllables alliterated. Sorta. It could as easily be one stressed and one unstressed--which doesn't count. At any rate, it happened purely by chance.

In most of the lines, it's the second lift of the first half-line that alliterates with the first lift of the second. First lift in the first half-line would have been better.

Annotations:

First stanza: There I was, reading a book, in the passenger seat of the car, in the Metro station parking lot. Up comes this kid on a bicycle and asks the time. He goes away, comes back and says This is a stickup--and shows me a knife. Two more kids on bikes bracket that side of the car. He blusters.

Pure reflex, I act like he's a nervous dog. Keep the voice down, no sudden moves, don't stare at him. That last meant I couldn't describe him later, but right then I was concerned only with survival.

Second stanza: I fully intended to give him the money, as soon as I'd calmed him down to where I could reach for it without panicking him. I'd dropped my purse into the footwell, and he wanted my hands in sight.

(I will just bet that it was my calmness that kept him nervous. They got off on scaring people, not the money they took.)

When I saw the chance to run up the window, I took it. And because a still car is vulnerable and a moving one affords protection, I slid behind the wheel, dragged out my keys and started moving.

Third stanza: Then I wondered if the Metro cops would notice and investigate a car chasing cyclists around the parking lot. They didn't.

I wasn't used to the car. It was an automatic shift, so I'd never driven it in low gear. In the press of the moment, I'd forgotten that it had one. So I was trying to maneuver in a parking lot in Drive; I was constantly fighting the wheel. (Never had a hand free for the horn, even.) They kept dodging in among the parked cars, where I couldn't follow. After a bit, they slipped out the gates while I was turning around at the other end of the lot.

This one I wrote up between end of work (4:30) and arrival at DisClave (between 6:30 and 7:00), based on a couple of clippings from Main Files. The tune is "One-eyed Reilly", or "One-balled Reilly", or "Reilly's Daughter", or . . .

LOOSE-TONGUED FALWELL

[tune: One-eyed Reilly]

^C Terry Weaver made a speech, to Virginia Board of Education. ^G

^C Seems his graduates want to teach: Virginia might well lead the nation. ^G

^C Tiddly-aye-aye, tiddly-aye-aye, Comes the Liberty Baptist College. ^G

^C Jig-a-jig-jig, jig-a-jig-jig, Jig-a-jig-jig--tres bon. ^G

"Origins are yet unknown, and there's no sign that the fog is clearing.

So we don't teach one alone. We give both sides and equal hearing."

Tiddly-aye-aye &c

Jerry Falwell said that night, We give both sides an equal hearing:

Tell the kids the Bible's right; then give Darwin a proper smearing."

Tiddly-aye-aye, tiddly-aye-aye, tiddly-aye-aye and the Jerry Falwell.

Jig-a-jig-jig &c

ACLU feared a gruelling race, but now we see they needn't have fretted.

Jerry Falwell made their case. They know they're very much indebted.

Tiddly-aye-aye, tiddly-aye-aye, tiddly-aye-aye and the Loose-tongued Falwell.

Jig-a-jig-jig, jig-a-jig-jig, jig-a-jig-jig--OY VEY!

Last two words spoken.

Liberty Baptist College persuaded the visiting committee of the VA Board of Ed to OK them--that is, send them on to the advisory committee. 8 to 1. Weaver, the head of the LBC bio dept, convinced them that, altho LBC teaches creationism, they also teach standard biology, including evolution. He spoke of giving both sides an equal hearing.

Then Falwell started preaching television sermons about what his graduates were

going to do. (Falwell is the chancellor of Liberty Baptist College.) We'll give an equal hearing: we'll teach how evolution is foolish and invalid, and how the real answer is in the Bible.

Came the advisory committee meeting. ACLU produced transcripts of the televised sermons. The 20-member committee was unanimous: no way. Ms Goldberg (I think) of the Va ACLU, said that Falwell had made their case, and they were indebted to him.

This next one took about half an hour. It, too, came on the way to DisClave.

S U R V I V A L

[tune: Lemon Tree]

The boss ain't always perfect, and the boss ain't always right,
But when you take it all in all, the boss is plenty bright.
He's got his faults, like anyone, and some loom kind of large,
But when the chips are down, I'd rather have the boss in charge.

Vader's men know our places, and we do our jobs so well:

If we didn't know our work, then we'd be doing it in hell.

Vader's men know our places, and we do our jobs so well:

If we didn't know our work, then we'd be doing it in hell.

The troopers of the Empire make the finest cannon-feed;
And for a human-wave attack, they're just the thing you need.
Their officers are just as fine, right up along the chain:
The boss goes through a dozen in the course of a campaign.

Vader's men know our &c

For all you non-military types, a "human-wave mass attack" is one in which the men keep coming and keep falling, and keep climbing over the bodies, until they overwhelm the enemy by sheer weight of numbers. I have yet to hear of a proven case of a human-wave mass attack. A lot of Europeans thought that was the only Russian strategy, learned from the Mongols. Since the Mongols always used maneuver and surprise, you can rate that one yourself.

At any rate, you can see I still feel sorry for poor Darth, trying to do his duty with a bunch of horses' asses for subcommanders.

On the flip side is a song by Dick Eney. The commentary is his, too. Neither he nor I am responsible for the tune, as you will see.

I had this one stuck up on the bulletin board next to my desk for some weeks, and another copy on the section board, too. I think nobody reads anything around there.

The first verse of this was published in the Washington POST several months ago. But whoever heard of a song that had only one verse? The rest had to be composed to make it complete.

Mine eyes have seen the muddle of the coming of the RIF
It has trampled out the spirits of the common working stiff
We're summarily dismissed without so much as a "What if -?"

The RIF goes marching on!

CHORUS: Glory, glory, hallelujah!
Unemployment's coming to ya!
Reaganomics wants to screw ya!
The RIF goes marching on!

I have seen it in the policies they make down at the Fed
In the many varied programs N.E.W. has shed

And what is left when everybody's budgets have been bled

The RIF goes marching on!

(CHORUS)

I have seen the big decision in the doings on the Hill
As the right wing zeroes in on all the stuff they want to kill
And as the left wing goes along with every single bill

The RIF goes marching on!

(CHORUS)

The RIF is just one measure, our economy to mend
And if we do not reach the goal the journey cannot end
So till the left returns and starts once more to Tax and Spend

The RIF goes marching on!

CHORUS: Glory, glory, hallelujah!
Unemployment's coming to ya!
Reaganomics wants to screw ya!
The RIF goes marching on!

(Alternate CHORUS for Libertarians, anarchists, Wobblies and the like:)

Glory, glory, hallelujah!
Poverty is coming to ya!

Governments exist to screw ya!
The RIF goes marching on!

*I know that Vitalism is a philosophically untenable position,
but it makes a handy literary convention...

-- Dick Eney and Anon.

This one I did on the way back from Raleigh, June 6.

W E L L F A L L E N

[tune: Roll Me Over In The Clover]

This is number one: Falwell's noise has just begun:

Tip it over, get the airwaves quiet again.

Tip it over, in the clover--

Tip it over, get the airwaves quiet again.

This is number two: interference coming through:
Tip it over, get the airwaves quiet again.

This is number three: where is the FCC?

This is number four: neighbors pounding on the door:

This is number five: the booster's up too high:

This is number six: Lynchburg sets are on the fritz:

This is number seven: To Hell With Falwell's Heaven:
Tip it over, get the airwaves quiet again.

Falwell seems to be making the news with pratfall after pratfall. His radio station had its booster up so high it was interfering with all of Lynchburg--a pretty small burg. No one could hear anything but Falwell's programming. FCC said to cut down. Falwell did, but not enough--and he started maneuvering to get permission to boost it again. Various Lynchburg people were sore, and starting actions.

Then one day, the studio cut off. A quick look at the radio tower showed the reason; someone had cut a couple of cables and tipped it over. Several someones, according to the sheriff's footprint people.

Falwell, of course, started preaching that it was his enemies, determined to silence his *T*R*U*T*H* at all costs. The Lynchburg complainants will say only that they didn't do it, and they're sorry that someone took matters into their own hands, and thereby gave Falwell a hook to hang more sermons on.

For my part, I agree that it was the wrong move. But I sympathise.

Don't tell me about the false rime in verse five. I know all about it.

T W A N G S

2 JULY

or: It's Not Procrastination, I Just Got #14

To fill up the bottom of this page, and maybe go on to the top of the next: Further Specifications on *t*h*e* *c*o*n*t*e*s*t*.

1. It must be a song, or mostly a song. A routine like "On the Amazon" will qualify, just, but a stand-up comedian sort of thing won't. Nor will a dramatic reading.

2. No time limit on when the song was written. Circulation calculations must begin as of the publication of the contest (figure as "early 1982"). That is, unconnected singers must sing it for a year from Roodmas '82 or later; earlier circulation doesn't count.

e g o s c a n

Ooops! Was that the stencil, John, or did your printer hiccup? Well, at least the other pages aren't bad, and that one seems to be readable.

QWXB!! (Baker): You don't send me a tape because my recorder's on the fritz, and I can't afford a new one for several months. I have my doubts that I can get it fixed for less than a new one, since it's a decade & a half old. // Either you know a different "Turkey in the Straw" than I do, or "Starstone for cats" doesn't scan.

DR ORBIT (Belov): If there's a restriction on basic chording, I'd hate to hold hearings on it. Given the key, basic chording is fixed, within very narrow limits. When you mess about with augmented, diminished, ninth, et cetera, that's another story. // The examples are clear, if you stop and think. A filksing is no place for straight stage-musical songs; a medievalist bardic circle is no place for filk; et cetera. Considering the examples given, chatter about offensiveness--one's permanent turn-off, so to speak--is irrelevant; the issue is appropriateness to the event. // In each case, whoever turns out the songbook chooses what goes in, same as always. Just a shift from Who Can Print the Most Verses to the Most Songs? to How Many Good Songs Can I Fit Into xxx Pages? // As a feminist, I see no good, and a waste of time, in trying to reform every last vestige of history out of the English language. I will not dream up, or use when someone else dreams up, neologisms of perfectly adequate English usage. "Masculine" and "Feminine" rhyme is standard English, and that's what I speak. // I think I've heard "Mundanes", but not very inspiringly rendered. // "Lime Jello": I started out sick of it. / I suspect "Langdon" needs 1) a very good presentation, and 2) Beatlemania in the audience's past. // Your sing-along classifications reflect the situation I mentioned in the discussion on stock phrases the same distrib.

MISTRIAL (Schwartz): So sing soft. You can too.

ANAKREON (Boardman): A good master would be very good; a poor one would be a disaster. Was a disaster, I should say, since there was one well-intentioned chap trying to run--shoulda used our feet. . . . The trick is to keep things going, and gong the stinkers, without tripping the ORGANISATION IS BAD!!! reflex. // see noodlings for ct re FolkCity.

(SOMEONE ELSE'S ROOM (Middleton): I've yet to see a sing at which your idea of AP would go down--except for Clam Chowder, there's no one who can swing it. "once tempo and key have been negotiated" How true! // Feel free to print up & distribute "2d Law", if you think it would help. All I ask is credit, and a contributor's copy. // Please don't debate Dorsai with John: it wastes your time, and it annoys the apa. // Glad to hear Marty's OK. // Nice to have relief voices, isn't it?

e r d e g o s c a n

b e g i n s e c o n d s w e e p

COVER : Is this supposed to Mean Something? Cute, anyway.

SoN (Lipton): I gather that "Sandinista" goes to "Union Label". Tho I'm not very familiar with the tune, I don't think it's good to march to.

SHARE & ENJOY (Glasser): Part songs can be as well or better known than folk songs, they tend to be performances--solos. (Those that aren't, often become folk songs themselves.) I've noticed recently that a lot of

singers do performace--clearly meant for solo, or only well-rehursed group effort--more than singalong-if-anyone-knows-it. What called it to my attention was the sudden abundance of nonfolk tunes; everything from rock songs to Nat King Cole. I, too, look askance at too much of this, especially if it turns out to be at the expense of traditional filk.

FILK TIL DAWN (Groot): Grrrrrr! The peculiar odium of the vandal, and that was more like vandalism than burglary, is that he destroys what he has no use for, what did him no harm, and what people he doesn't even know are going to miss. I hear the latest theory is that senseless crime is done instead of riots. Dunno which is worse; a riot seems more like a natural disaster, and you can understand mob emotion taking over. Sorta.

N O O D L I N G S

In case you hadn't noticed, I've got a new ORATOR FACE TYPING ELEMENT. And I don't always remember to reset the spacing.

n o s t a l g i a : p r o t e s t s o n g s

There are two ways of confusing the symptom with the condition. One way is what I hear at NOW rallies: protest songs are Good Things, therefore protest rallies must have a bunch of protest songs. The other way, John Boardman demonstrates in the last paragraph of his "Comment": protest songs are no longer effective, therefore protest is dead.

Protest songs were a weapon. That weapon is now obsolete. Some of the troops cling to it, the way the cavalry clung to their sabres, and the RA to their 45s, but such vestigial holdovers have nothing to do with strategy and tactics; morale & mystique, maybe, but perhaps as much pure habit. The weapons now are organisation, education, lobbying, get-out-the-vote (yes, that works still!) and lots of lawsuits in reserve.

Protest songs at rallies make me wince. So do whoop-it-up slogan/speeches. What about tactics, O Leaders? How are we going to do this? What do we do first, what second, what third? Is this a revival meeting or a political rally? You don't need to convince us, and you won't convince the passersby--and Reagan will never hear you--so cut the sales talk and give us our briefing.

Songs and politics are two very separate things today. Most filkers know this, whether they articulate it or not. As John says, we have no illusion that APA-FILK will have an IMPACT on anything but ourselves, and that only while it's going on. I write about Falwell, not because I expect my songs to accomplish something, but because it does me--and my friends--good to ridicule him. If "2d Law" helps people's morale in Arkansas, that's as much or more than I expect.

All of which says precisely NOTHING AT ALL about the efficacy of NOW, the evolution correspondence committees, or any other political group. You don't judge a modern army by its swordsmanship, and you can't tell the political weather by listening to singers. The weapon is not the war. The symptom is not the condition. The paint is not the picture. Sound is not sense. (I hope you've got the idea, because I've run out of metaphors.)

A note on Phillips' idea: It's good, but his list includes too many multi-rimes. It's too much to expect songwriters to give them up entirely. Just ban them from song titles, song refrains, and the final rime of any verse or chorus.

Since I haven't (yet) made a feminist song, a filk apa is no place to go into my politics on that issue. See my "Streak Gordon Writers' Guide", in APA-Q, for that sort of thing

N O O D L I N G S I I
g r o u p s i n g s

However, one thing that happened at a rally is relevant.

I'd bought into the charter bus to Raleigh on June 6th. Almost didn't make it, but that's another story. On the way back, I was dozing, as well as I can on a bus, and didn't notice for a while just what made it harder than usual to stay dozed once I'd made it.

Finally I gave up and listened. There was singing at the front of the bus, but that ought not have kept me up . . . No, there was something wrong with it. It was too choppy. It went from tune to tune too fast.

I've preached often enough on endless songs. Keep 'Em Short, I always say. But a verse and a chorus alone? There wasn't a song that they kept up for three verses, and few for two. And these were the old-timers: Joe Hill, Midnight Special, Hallelujah I'm a Bum.

So I wandered forward. They were trying Swing Low, and I joined in. Most of this I have heard my voice: as soon as I started, whoever it was that had the songbook passed it back to me. I was the only one sure enough of the tune to lead. That song we did half a dozen verses to--or anyway, I did half a dozen verses, and the rest did the choruses.

Not to make it blow-by-blow, the only songs the group could tackle were the ones I knew that they also knew, and the ones in that one and only songbook with tunes that I knew.

Compare a private sing that I wandered in on at some con last year. There were less than a dozen people, trying to reconstruct Vicar of Bray in its entirety. Bit by bit, this from one head and this from that, they did it. They were doing folk, not filk, and firm about it. Y'know, they're right.

I've been yowling about group filking for these many long ago, but it never occurred to me that the problem was deeper still. People don't know the folk songs any more. They don't sing in groups because they don't know the verses--and a song leader can't teach them without slowing down the sing, and maybe offending singers who don't like the resemblance to counselors teaching child campers. Instead, you end up soloing, with the group coming in on the chorus. Tears hell out of your throat, but that's the least of it.

There's egoboo in soloing. When you've got a new song, and everybody listens to it, and joins in where they can, that's a trip. You lose half of that when your solo is something everyone should know and doesn't. It's not that you've got lots of songs; you're not rich, they're poor. Quite selfishly: they won't remember you, because you didn't show them anything new, only what they already know as well as they ever will.

Besides that, you lose the fun of singing with. If solo gives you something that one-of-the-chorus doesn't, one-of-the-chorus gives you something solo can't, too. I didn't have that even on the choruses: nobody on that bus knew how to lean into a song. Trying to lead them, I drowned them out.

Let's think back, troops. When you sing with mundanes, is it like that bus? or is there still a singing tradition somewhere, anywhere? Girl scout camp, for heaven's sake! Something!

Harold Groot 520 3rd St. Piteaston, Pa. 15, 40
Filkers Do It 'Till Dawn



Well, It's going to be another short, non-typed article this. I'm trying to get ready for my move to San Jose, so I don't have much time to spare.

I'm planning to be at Pennsic and Chicon (last chance for backrubs!), then gone for good. Explaining while interviewing that you must have time off for a war can be interesting.

Only con since lastish was Disclave - got to see Lee, Bob, Mark. Only good filking session (led by Kathy, of Clam Chowder fame) was when I was committed to be in a dungeon. Left the con early for an SCA Demo at a winery - led to a terrific bardic circle.

Saw Star Trek II and E.T., both very good. High expectations for TRON.

May make Rivercon, but Paracon is O-U-T. Have to catch up on Grace Notes Nextish.

E. T.

by Harold Groot

Tune: Daisy (A Bicycle Built for Two)

(OK, Dr.?)

E. T., E. T., give me your answer true
Would you like me to pour you another brew?
Young Elliot's on a bender
Amphibian's defender
That's just the start he's got one part
of a hangover built for two.

E. T., E. T., let's have another beer
Elliot knows his behavior is mighty queer.
His mind must be in a whirl
"Why did I kiss that girl?"
Later tonight, he'll feel the bite
of a hangover built for two.

E. T., E. T., falling flat on the floor
Getting hit by a refrigerator door
A whole six-pack you've guzzled
And now you're feeling puzzled
Tonight your brain will feel the pain
of a hangover built for two

(aka Hangover built for two, but I didn't want to write another one)
Keep on Filking!
Harold

29/7/82

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COPY RIGHTS AND WRONGS

Parto Secundo

In my last installment of this article (see APA-Filk #13), I gave a general overview of copyright law basics as they exist today. In this part, I will delve into slightly more esoteric areas of copyright law, which are nevertheless important to know.

There are a few remnants of the old 1909 Copyright Act still lying about. Copyrights under that law which are in their first term on 1 Jan. 1978 will have such term last the original 28 years from the date copyright was originally secured, but those copyrights must still be renewed for a second term; albeit it will last for 47 years (instead of 28, as under the old law). A copyright in its second term as of the 1 Jan. 1978 date will have its term extended to last 75 years from the date copyright was secured. A copyright more than 56 years old as of 1 Jan. 1978 but extended by Act of Congress is likewise extended to 75 years from its original copyright date.

Certain international implications are contained in the present Act. For "nondramatic literary works" (i.e., books, poems, computer programs, stories, etc.) to be under full copyright protection, they must be manufactured in the United States or Canada. The only exception to this rule is that you may import up to 2,000 copies of a work without losing your exclusive rights to copyright. Originally, this requirement was to expire on 1 July 1982, but Congress, in deference to the publishing lobby, voted to override President Reagan's veto of an extension until 1985. (Wouldn't you know it - Congress chooses to override Ronnie on an issue where he's in the right).

As to your copyright protection in other nations, such protection is based entirely either on bilateral treaties between the United States and other nations, and/or on international copyright conventions. At present, the United States is a member of the Universal Copyright Convention, the Buenos Aires Convention, the Phonogram Convention, and the Mexico City Convention. The U.S. is not a member of the Berne Convention, the oldest and most important of the international copyright agreements; however, quite often a back-door entry to Berne protection occurs via simultaneous publication in the United States and a Berne signatory. Such protection is complicated by the fact that the 1928 and 1948 versions of Berne have different definitions of "simultaneous publication". The Copyright Office's R38a circular can give more details; an article of this length cannot deal with such complexities effectively.

What are your rights - and their limits - under copyright? Essentially, you have five basic rights: reproduction, derivative works, distribution, performance, and display. These may be subdivided and transferred separately.

Certain uses of works are exceptions to these rights. Educational institutions may make multiple copies of a copyrighted work for use in a classroom. Certain non-profit performances, enumerated explicitly in the Act, are also not considered infringements of copyright. Nor is religious usage an infringement, so long as it is for religious assemblages or during services of worship. But religious broadcasts, or performances of a social, rather than religious, nature, are covered by copyright. Performances for the handicapped are allowed in the case of nondramatic literary works transmitted by noncommercial educational broadcasts without any commercial advantage; or dramatic literary works published for at least 10 years which are put on by an authorized radio sub-carrier for a single performance for the handicapped.

Essential to a determination of copyright rights is the concept of "fair use". This concept, although formally incorporated into law in the 1976 Act, had developed for a long time, both in the U.S. and in England. Essentially, whether or not a non-copyright holder has violated the copyright will depend upon four basic criteria: the character & purpose of the use -i.e., whether commercial or nonprofit educational; the nature of the copyrighted work; the amount of the work used and its proportion to the work as a whole; and the effect of the use on the potential (n.b. - not actual, but potential!) market for value of a copyrighted work. A good example of permitted "fair use" is quotations of short excerpts of a novel in a review thereof.

The courts will usually permit more copying of a work when it is of a scholarly, technical or scientific nature, rather than an artistic, literary or entertaining one. The theory behind this discrepancy is that knowledge should be expanded for the public benefit.

Another criterion for determining "fair use" is whether or not the copying is "substantial": if so, it infringes, if not, not. Of course, the question of what is substantial is up to the courts to determine.

When copyright rights are violated, this is called an 'infringement'. Infringement actions may be filed by either the legal or beneficial owner of a particular right against a violation committed while he/she owns the right. Other persons with an interest in the work must be notified and may be either required to join the action or are permitted to intervene.

The Federal District Courts have original jurisdiction over such copyright actions (except for actions against the U.S. Government, in which case the Court of Claims does), exclusive of state court jurisdiction. You must file & bring your claim within three years after the claim arises. Cases arising prior to 1 Jan. 1978 will be dealt with by the law as it then existed.

The remedies in copyright cases include injunctions (operative throughout the United States); impoundment & destruction of the infringing articles; and either actual damages and profits or statutory damages. Statutory damages are to be not less than \$250 nor more than \$10,000, as the court considers just; but in cases of wilful infringement the fine may jump to \$50,000, and in cases of innocent infringement, damages may be reduced to \$100. Also, costs and attorneys' fees may be recovered if the court so allows.

Copyright violations may also be criminal offences, if you have wilfully infringed for commercial or private gain, or if you have fraudulently affixed or removed notice of copyright, or if you make a false representation in your application.

It is to be noted that state statutory or common law only exists nowadays in subject matter not subject to Federal copyright, or in cases arising before 1 January 1978, or in actions violating rights not within the scope of copyrights in the act, such as breach of contract, trespass, conversion, &c.

Finally, a word about derivative works. The owner of copyright in the preexisting work has the exclusive right to prepare derivative works from the original work.

A derivative work is one based on an existing work, and may be a translation, musical arrangement, dramatization, motion picture, sound recording, condensation, abridgement, or some other form in which a work is recast.

That about wraps it up for copyrights. As I said last time, this is a (very) basic overview of a huge subject, and, again, I left out many of the technicalities, especially in the section on infringement actions. Once again, however, let me repeat that Library of Congress Circulars are very helpful, and particularly recommending Circular R1. The address to write to for this & other circulars is:

Register of Copyrights
Library of Congress
Washington, D.C. 20559

SOMETHING OF NOTE #15

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A MIXUMAXU GAZETTE
QUANTITY PUBLICATION
455

DREAMER

by: Robert Bryan Lipton
Tune: Miner's Life

It's a dream that first posessed me
When I was a little child:
I would hunt -- the thought obsessed me --
Through the heavens, free and wild;
Hold the vision deep within me,
Rove to Luna, Venus, Mars,
Give my hopes unto tomorrow
And my heart unto the stars.

You've grown old while I've been constant.
You call me a Peter Pan.
Wendy, let us leave this instant,
Go to Never-Never Land.
Never was there such adventure!
Never will the journey fail
If you'll come with me to venture
On the road where angels quail.

You may sneer, oh, you may snicker.
"Here's a thing been never done."
Scan the skies! A fleeing flicker:
Something new beneath the Sun.
Fling aside your faded sorrows.
Cynics' fears are prison bars.
Give your hopes unto tomorrow,
And your hearts unto the stars.

A few notes on the above. I had the final verse in my head for about nine months (see Something of Note #13 in the previous collation) before the first two came to me in the course of about fifteen minutes. I polished them for two weeks. In looking back, I can see that the first two verses come out of conversations with Gail Kaufman, Evan Jones and Mark Richards. Thanks to those three.

I got a letter a few days ago from Judith Merrill. Actually, it was a xeroxed letter. About a year ago an Edith Fowke wrote me about APA-Filk and I sent her back issues. Now I have received a letter from Ms. Merrill in which she states that Ms. Fowke is producing an anthology of filksongs for professional publication.

Ghu help us! Anyway, she wanted one of my songs from APA-Filk, "Ramjet." For about an hour I couldn't remember which one that was. Then I remembered. Interestingly, it is not, I believe, one of my better pieces. Strange.

ONE MORE TIME!
APA-FILK #14

Mark Blackman Liked Florence P's verse to Marsupial Fandom and Lybia. Clever parody. I take it that the tune to Shalom It's Baruch Rogers resembles Captain Spaulding because it don't scan nohow.

Greg Baker It seems odd to me that you and Mark changed "gay" to "stray" in your "We're Three Sanndinistas to avoid overtones of homosexuality-- yet left in the word "cruising." Otherwise, enjoyed this very much. Starstones for Cats reminds me of a recurring nightmare I have: I man whose face is covered by a giant Smiley button comes up, tells me that I am a Pepper too and forces me to tapdance in lockstep.

Charles A. Belov Welcome.

David Schwartz I believe I have read that Ms. Streisand has either copyrighted or had registered as a trademark her first name, the spelling of which she changed for the purpose.

Marc Glasser Enjoyed The Pantheon Rag.

Margeret Middleton Why is it that every time I think I recognize the title of the original song for your filks, it turns out not to be the case?

Sorry, not many comments. Rae, bnc to the rest.

Abyssinia,



Robert Bryan Lipton

ANAKREON

##15, APA-Filk Mailing #15

1 August 1982

YESTERFILK - II

When this feature about the filksongs of past decades began in the last ANAKREON, I reprinted the classic parody of "Onward Christian Soldiers" from the IWW's "Little Red Songbook". It seems only fitting to take the second reprint from The Bosses' Songbook, a parody of the highly popular People's Songbook (Bonl & Gaer, 1948). The copy I have is the second edition, dated 1959, and collected and edited by Dave Van Ronk and Richard Ellington. There was a heavy fannish influence on this publication. It was put together by Pat and Dick Ellington, who have long since moved to San Francisco. The people thanked in the preface include Sandy Cutrell, Marty Jukovsky, Dick Eney, and Lee Shaw, with illustrations by Trina then-Castillo, Lee Shaw, and Pat Ellington.

Many old union songs, themselves "filk" in character, are themselves parodied. To match "Miners' Lifeguard" there is "Bosses' Lifeguard", with the chorus:

Operators, stand together,
Heed no organizers' tale.
Get their fingers off the dollar,
Readjust your crooked scale.

"Ribald Rebel's Song" is printed with numerous blanks, though the words that ought to fill them are never in doubt. The song is not credited to its author, Wolfe O'Mara, from whom I heard it in 1949 when he and I were freshmen at the University of Chicago.

Some of the songs from The Bosses' Songbook have since become classics. "Jesus Christ", to the tune of "Jesse James", is well-known by now, as is "The Twelve Days of Marxmas". Some songs satirize the bosses, others take on the Stalinists, and still others poke fun at those poor nebbishes the Trotskyites, who have managed to wind up on the bottom of history's pecking order.

With terrorism so widespread - particularly when one man's terrorist is another man's "freedom fighter" - this tune might be even more germane today:

Nihilist Song

(Tune: "There is Beauty in Extreme Old Age", from the Mikado by You Know Who.)

Destruction's a creative urge!
Bakunin said it and it's just as true today.
There's a fascination frantic,
Ruin is romantic,
There's a very pungent perfume to decay.

Destruction is a noble art!
Did you ever see a wheat field burn?
Like a most exquisite carving,
Is the thought of bosses starving -
Let them eat the fucking money that we earn!

Destruction is a manly sport!
 Bourgeois love's a sissy substitute for rape.
 Just as soon as we have caught her,
 We'll gangbang the boss's daughter,
 Then we'll twist the bitch completely out of shape.

Destruction is our battle cry!
 We're burning books and we've a bumper crop.
 And to Adam Smith and Godwin,
 Add Bakunin and Kropotkin -
 Once you start it's rather difficult to stop.

(Parenthetically, though terrorists have been guilty and/or accused of just about every other crime, I have not yet heard of any of them committing rape. The female hostages released by the Iranian 1½ years ago stated that they had not been sexually molested. Maybe Susan Brownmiller is right, and rape is more commonly committed by the upholders of the present social order rather than by its enemies.)

Then there's:

The Kolkhoz Song

(Tune: "Old Soldiers Never Die")

There is an old Kolkhoz,
 Not far away,
 Where we get borscht and beans
 Two times a day.
 Vacation time we never see,
 We're hiding from the M. V. D.
 And we are gradually
 Fading away.

CHORUS: Old Comrades never die,
 Never die, never die.
 Old Comrades never die,
 They just look that way.

I have a Commisar,
 He is exceeding Red,
 And if my quota lags too far,
 I'll be exceeding dead.
 A broken clock's right twice a day -
 Out party line's about that way,
 And if I'm heard singing this I may
 Just fade away.

CHORUS:

Radical Whiffenpoof Song

From the tables at Rienzi to the
 Lubyanka cells,
 To the halls of AYS and YSL,
 Sing the Trotskyites assembled
 With The Prophet Armed on high
 And the sorrow of their music
 casts a spell.

We're poor little lambs who got
 the gate,
 Bah! Bah! Bah!
 We all got busted in '38,
 Boo-hoo-hoo.
 Social-fascists all so sad,
 Damned from here to Petrograd,
 Two legs good and four legs bad,
 Baaah, Baaah, Baaah.

Rienzi's was a village coffeehouse, long defunct, a Trot hangout. The Prophet Armed was an adulatory biography of Trotsky by Isaac Deutscher. AYS and YSL were Trotskyite youth groups. Lubyanka is a prison in Moscow.

THE MINISTRY OF FINANCE

This distressing but necessary part of APA-Filk lists the current balances for printing and postage, which several readers have set up with me or with my predecessor as Editor, Bob Lipton. There have been a few changes since the last issue. Dena Mussaf's copy of the 14th Mailing came back in the mail, and since Dena's balance is now -87¢, I am suspending her copies until I get an accurate address and some more postage money. Bill Watkins has closed out his account. Dave Klapholz's account has fallen to -62¢, so his membership is also suspended.

The figures below are accurate to 2 August. To find your balance, add whatever you've sent in since then, and subtract the postage on the envelope that brings you this Mailing, with another 4¢ for the envelope. Philip Cohen, Dana Hudes, Bob Lipton, and Jim Rittenhouse also get APA-Q, and their accounts for both apas appear there.

Greg Baker	-\$1.87	Harold Groot	+\$3.40
Charles Belov	+\$1.52	Margaret Middleton	+\$1.12
Mark Blackman	+\$12.95	Jordin Kare	+\$5.59
Sean Cleary	+\$16.94	Mark Richards	+\$1.57
Mark Glasser	+2¢	Deirdre Murphy	+\$5.00

If of course you pick up your copy in person, you will not be charged postage. I expect a lot of people to do this for this Mailing, since it is being collated on Saturday 7 August, and this evening there'll be the Boardmans' usual First Saturday - a highly informal gathering of local science-fiction fans.

The copy count for APA-Filk is 50, and the next deadline is Monday 1 November 1982. (In all probability it will be assembled and mailed out sometime later that week.) If you don't have your own duplicating facilities, and want to contribute, please send me your dittos, masters or mimeo stencils and I'll print them. Stencils or masters must be cut to the size of 8½ by 11 inches. Mimeo stencils must be Gestetner, as my machine is of that variety. Duplicating costs are 1¢ per sheet per copy. If you would like additional copies beyond 50 for your own use, let me know how many, and I'll send them with your copy of APA-Filk.

Also collated here, every 3 weeks, is APA-Q, an amateur press association which seems to cover topics of interest to science-fiction, fantasy, comic art, and war-gaming fans. If you'd like to get involved in APA-Q, the copy count is 40 and all the other particulars are the same as for APA-Filk.

This is
O At
P Great
E Intervals
R This
A Appears
T To
I Inflamm
O Optic
N Nerves

1139

My own contribution to APA-Q is a fanzine called DAGON. It is available on request, but if you want all of APA-Q you'll have to pay postage as described above.

While we're on the topic, I also publish two simulation gaming fanzines. GRAUSTARK deals with the postal play of Avalon-Hill's game Diplomacy, designed by Allan B. Calhamer. EMPIRE deals with other postally playable games, and is currently running games of SPI's Empires of the Middle Ages, A Mighty Fortress, and Chariot. Sometimes simulation gaming laps over into filksinging; past issues of ANAKREON have included such tunes as "Breach a Puncheon in the Dungeon" and "The Battle Hymn of the Ranapublic" for Dungeons & Dragons fans. And of course there are six verses of "The Mercenaries' Hymn" now that this breed is coming back into vogue again. (Seychelles and Angolan papers please copy.)

GETTING CAUGHT UP

ANAKREON is published every three months by John Boardman, 234 East 19th Street, Brooklyn, New York 11226. It circulates in APA-Filk under circumstances described on the previous page.

ANAKREON #16 will be published on 1 November 1982, famous as the morning after young Christians have indulged in too much candy, and adult Pagans have indulged in various other sweets. As with each ANAKREON of the Samhain season, this one will consist entirely of additional verses to "That Real Old-Time Religion", for earlier versions of which please see the 6th, 8th, 10th, and 12th issues.

If you have any possible contributions to ANAKREON #16, please get them in by the middle of October. They are printed in ANAKREON only once a year, so anything that arrives too late may have to wait until 1983. I've already got contributions from readers who range geographically from Mastic Beach to Australia, but more are always welcome.

*

APA-Filk Cover #14 (Blackman): I bear some responsibility for this. Actually, May Day as celebrated by Pagans, by Christians unaware of the holiday's Pagan origins, and by Socialists unaware of its Pagan or Christian overtones, is really all the same holiday. It's basically the old "Hurray-it's-Spring." rejoicing. My Puritan ancestors knew perfectly well what that erect Maypole stood for, and said so in their sermons.

Singspiel #14 (Blackman): You're right about the stock market crash referred to in Harry Manögg's song in ANAKREON #13. The market gave some preliminary twitches on Friday 26 October 1929, and that is the "Black Friday" often referred to, but the bottom really dropped out on the following Tuesday.

As for the rhymes in "Shalom, It's Baruch Rogers" - oy vey, oy vey, oy vey!

Qwxb!! (Baker): The government of the United States of America says that the Sandinistas are sinister Communistic subversives. Any arguments, gang?

Doctor Orbit vs. the Trouble Clef/E above Middle C (Belov): I am told by my spies on the west coast that Kevin Langdon, the originator of the diagram that bears his name, has since Found Jesus, and does not care to have his name attached to his sociological concept. Brian Burley once described a Langdon Diagram to a sociologist, who informed him of some technical sociological name for the same thing.

Naturally, the Langdon Diagram laps over the edges into the mundane world. I have recently discovered that it thus includes a German shepherd. (No, I don't mean a guy named Deutobold who has a flock of merinos in Schwabenland!)

On the rare occasions when somebody complains that something is "unprintable", I merely reply that I had no trouble printing it!

I think the terms "feminine rhyme" and "masculine rhyme" come from poetry in Latin or in some other language that makes much more of grammatical gender than English does. Latin, incidentally, carries this to extremes; the name of the sexual organ of each sex has the grammatical gender of the other! (Mentula and cunnus.)

Something of Note #14 (Lipton): George M. Cohan's "Over There" makes sense as a song only if it was written during the American involvement in World War I, not "in the decade before the war".

During World War II, there were numerous attempts to write an equivalent to "Over There" for that war. "Praise the Lord and Pass the Ammunition" and "Remember Pearl Harbor" ("...as we did the Alamo.") were two of the better efforts. Now imagine what the worse ones were like.

"Der Fuehrer's Face" was the best of the "comic" war songs of that war. But some of the lines are a bit embarrassing to remember today. One of

the verses began by poking fun at another Nazi leader:

"When Herr Goebbels says, 'Ve own der world und space!
We Heil! - Heil! right in Herr Goebbels' face."

But on 23 January 1980, President Carter said, "Let our position be absolutely clear: An attempt by any outside force to gain control of the Persian Gulf region will be regarded as an assault on the vital interests of the United States of America." His successor continues this policy. And the Senate is, on the President's recommendation, refusing to consider UN treaties which internationalize the sea-bed and space. A formal American territorial claim to the Moon seems only a question of time.

A Wand'ring Mistril I #2 (Schwartz): Since you contributed your verses to "Libya", about their relationship with the P. L. O., Khaddafi has suggested that the P. L. O. men trapped in West Beirut should achieve a glorious martyrdom by suicide. (Oddly enough, that is also what Mahatma Gandhi suggested the Jews of Europe should do in Hitler's time.) So:

Libya, oh, Libya, you hear them in Libya,
Libya, the cocked-up cuntry
They vow support for the P. L. O.
But when their bastion's about to go,
"Ignite yourselves and we'll watch you glow,
"But use our oil," says Libya.

Share and Enjoy #3 (Glasser): Thanks for providing us with the whole of "psychotherapy". Bits and pieces of it have been knocking around in APA-Filk for some time, so it's nice to have the whole thing.

Strum & Drang (Buttwasser): If SCAdians "quiet the hall before a performance", then they must have learned this elementary lesson in good manners since I was active in SCA over a decade ago.

Stock verses are common in American folk. Some verses are found in "Joe Clark", "Lulu", "Cindy", and others. There is also some verse overlap between "Stagolee" and "Frankie and Albert", as you show.

Stagolee always maintained that he, personally, caused the San Francisco quake. He wove into a bar one morning with a hangover and asked for something to remedy the condition. The bartender said he wanted to see some money first, and added some snide comments about Stagolee's fashion in skin color. Stagolee took hold of the bar and said that if he didn't get a drink, he'd rip the whole bar loose and bring it down on the bartender's head. The bartender stood his ground, Stagolee heaved - and at that moment the first shock hit. To the end of his days, which were not long thereafter, Stagolee maintained that the water pipes in the bar were connected with those all over town, thus causing the earthquake.

Filkers Do It 'Till Dawn Verse 4, Part 2 (Groot): I'm sorry about your loss in the theft.

There are several explanations of "the Saga of Lime Jello", Joe Halderman's among them. The saga, like all good søgur, does not dwindle in the telling.

They'll Sing in Someone Else's Room This Time #11 (Middleton): "Marty 2, Cancer 0" - Great News! It reminds me of a family reunion a year ago, in which I saw my father walking around with two thoroughly and repeatedly rebuilt knees, better than he's done in years.

*

David Phillips' article in ANAKREON #14, and my reactions to it, drew quite a bit of reader comment. I'll cite letters from two people who are about as far apart in background and personality as two people can be and still both be getting ANAKREON. Dan Cragg is a retired sergeant major and active scholar of the vagaries of colloquial English, and Maureen Leshendok is a librarian, and publisher of the fanzine Lucas's Little Brother. Dan

6
writes:

"In ANAKREON #14 I was particularly fascinated by David Phillips' 'The Folks Ain't Around Folk City Anymore' and your comments thereon. I think conservatism is the norm in human affairs and that's probably because it's so difficult to maintain anybody's interest very long in anything else. Protest movements are successful when they mobilize a lot of people on a single issue all at one time. If the movement is not successful, interest drops off rather quickly and if the movement is successful, interest drops off at once. I think the anti-war movement succeeded. Of course, many of the prominent anti-war activists are into other causes these days but nothing they do seems to have quite the zest or to capture the imagination as wildly as the protest movement of the '60s."

And Maureen says:

"The article on the moribund folk scene by David Phillips was interesting. But what folk scene is he talking about? We've left the glory days of the folk boom, but then I can't stand Peter, Paul and Mary anymore anyway. We're back to the more realistic situation where an absolutely superb performer like Gordon Bok entertains an audience of, say, 500, (who all come ready to sing the choruses in harmony) and then he returns to Maine where he makes his living as a sailor or ship captain or fisherman (I'm not sure).* This is just not the type of music that is universally popular. There is a folk boom on in Ireland, apparently, where they are writing songs in the folk mode, reviving folk instruments and dance styles, collecting old tunes, and generally making beautiful music. The Irish here are making the performing of this music possible in the U.S. Tommy Makem and Liam Clancy (who have gone on their own from the old Clancy Brothers) are very much in the thick of the New York/New England folk revival, performing Gordon Bok's music, sea chanteys, some of their own music, and with their superb back-up musicians, some fine instrumentals. Listen for an hour to someone good (Bok, Martin Carthy and the Watsons, an old Weavers record) and Peter Paul and Mary become intolerable. Joan Baez is trying to make a living to support her kid, Judy Collins does pop, Dylan has found Jesus** after his wife divorced him for, among other things, beating her. But there are many terrific performers around if you look carefully, and falling a little out of fashion hasn't hurt the quality of their music. Folk music as protest has somewhat evaporated, but that was a temporary wedding of two different things with a kinship but not a necessary partnership. On the other hand, some folk music collectors are reminding us of the bonds between folk music and religion. Some of our most lovely folk songs are gospel tunes (white and black). It's nothing to get excited about or point to as the end of the world, though it is another time, apparently. Idealism goes on to other forms, too...

"By the way, you mention that ERA guarantees women nothing not already given them by the 14th amendment, and of course, the reason we need ERA is because the 14th amendment has not been ruled as applicable to us, consistently.*** But there is a bill being proposed in the Senate that would grant fetuses protection under the 14th amendment. The question arises: male fetuses only?"****

* - It is my understanding that Gordon Bok is independently wealthy.

** - That guy seems always getting lost.

*** - So - do we need new amendments or literate judges? If judges don't read the 14th Amendment as applying to women, they are perfectly capable of not reading the ERA to apply to women.

**** - I suggest that we combine the two major concerns of the Reagan Administration - and pass a law drafting fetuses.

(All footnotes by the editor.)

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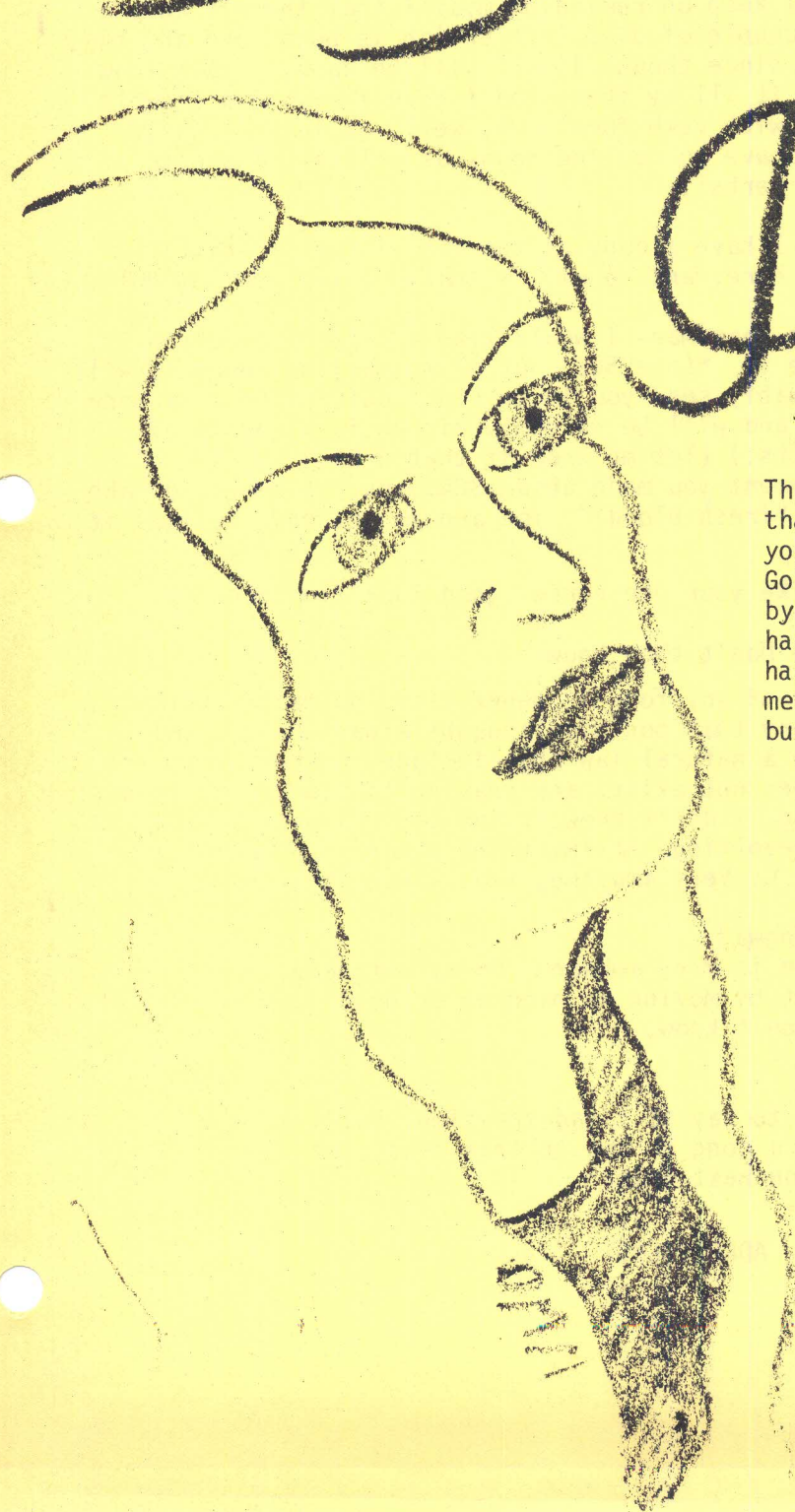
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★•MARIA MULDAUR, 9/3 & 9/4

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I

Memnison

Golden Singer



This is Ourodh Rillieur #1 (yes, folks, that is indeed what the logo reads, if you can read Memnisonian. It means Golden Singer, and is a title given me by my fiancée, Jim Rittenhouse (no, he hasn't been holding out on you, this just happened recently) in a poem he wrote about me a couple of months ago. Anyway, back to business:

By Sept. 1, I will be residing at 362 Badin Hall, Notre Dame, IN, 46556 (219--283-8013) Until then, the safest way to get things to me is c/o Jim.

I am a little over 5½ feet tall, have blonde hair, eyes that are never brown, purple, or black, weigh too much (no matter what Jim says) and am pretty. I like sf, fantasy, crafts (esp. things that involve small detail work), and music. And, as I mentioned, I am very happily engaged. All else subject to change without notice (and I may be going to grow again--my feet are getting bigger, so even if that is an unseemly thing for a 20-21 year-old to do, I may well do so. It will get rid of some of the excess fat the easy way. And I'm strange and silly, esp. when I'm happy, which I am. And I don't like unillustrated zines when there's an easy alternative, which means I will



inflict on you my pictures as well as my writing.

I hope to get this in the August mailing, but may not make it due to the fact that I'm currently taking six credit-hours of spanish in six weeks. That comes to a chapter a day, and it takes up much of my time. This is the middle of week #6, and for it I need to know just about everything we have studied, especially the verb endings and all the irregular verbs. I keep on reminding myself that there's only a couple of days left (which is both good and bad, since though it all will be done, I must know it all by then, and I have always had trouble with verb forms. Oh, well, at least I don't have to decline nouns as well as conjugate verbs!)

I have a copy of the Feb. issue of Apa-Filk here, and so will actually have some comments.

John Boardman--I would like a copy of Anacreon 12, take it *(the 50¢) out of my mailing money)(I will probably send you \$5 to start out, since I am poor now and will be slightly richer in a couple of months.) (let me know if that's OK,)

After the comment you made about SCAdians, youdared to make the comment about "fresh blood?" You are an intrepid fellow, it seems.

Robert Lipton--I like your one verse. good luck finishing it.

Harold Groot--I like Don't they know.

David Schwartz--It may be that prayer of any form is beneficial, no matter which God is prayed to. I have this theory that positive thought always helps, and negative always hinders, so it may be a natural law that includes prayer. This is not to say that any particular god does not exist, and praying to Him or Her is not more beneficial than just well wishing, I don't know. And yes, ritual cannibalism (even in symbolic form) can be very revolting. At least the pagans are honest about it. And I like the ballad of B v. C. Very amusing, esp. since it is true.

Lee Burwasser--Midwestern style??? Fungwa?

Either your system or your explanation is very awkward. On my autoharp, I can transpose (if I have the chords) just by moving my hand up or down. Understa your system might make it usable, I don't know. I like your Torch Carol.

Well, that's about all. I'd have more to say if I had the time, but I don't. I must be signing off. I will attach a song or two to this mess, and then ba to mi espanol, like it or not. See you next time!

ADELANDEYO!

/unformat
/m 10

STOWAWAY

I'm seventeen and I've got a job waiting for me in the stars,
I've never been off of the Earth, save a birthday trip to Mars,
I knew I'd have to pay a fine, when I hid behind the doors,
But I didn't do anything to die for.

I stowed away on a rescue ship to visit my brother dear,
I hadn't seen him since he'd left Earth, and I couldn't wait a year,
I didn't know, they didn't say, I got on without a fear,
But I didn't do anything to die for.

CHORUS: Goodbye, Mother dear, and goodbye Father,
And goodbye to the Earth, and to you, my dearest brother,
I lived all my life on the Earth, where life and air come free,
I didn't know how close to death the frontiersmen be.
(last time: You don't have to do anything to die for.)

The pilot soon discovered me and I offered to pay the fine,
He looked at me in disbelief, "Don't you know what you have done?"
And then he told me I have to die, his eyes not meeting mine,
But I didn't do anything to die for.

Mom and Dad, try to understand, there's just not enough fuel,
There's no patrol to save me here, these men aren't being cruel,
I die alone or kill six men more, I know I've been a fool,
But I didn't do anything to die for.

CHORUS

Mark I'm on the rescue ship, and now I have to die,
Don't sound like that, I'm so sorry, at least we can say goodbye,
I didn't know, I love you so, I'm trying not to cry,
But I didn't do anything to die for.

When my brother's camp got out of range, and I could hear his voice no more,
I said to the pilot, I'll go now, and he shut the airlock door
And I thought before I died, on what had gone before,
But I didn't do anything to die for.

CHORUS

THE GREEZLY BRIDE

Dm
Lie down, my newly married wife,
Dm
Lie easy if you can,
Dm Gm
You're young and ill accustomed yet,
Dm Gm Dm
To sleeping with a man.

The snow was deep, the moon was full,
As it shone on te cabin floor,
His young wife rose without a word,
And ran barefoot through the door.

He up and followed fast and sure,
And an anery man was he,
But his young wife wasn't e'er in sight,
Although the moon shone clearly.

He followed her tracks trough the new-deep snow,
Callins out loud her name,
But only the coyotes in the hills,
Yelled back at him again.

Then the hair stood up along his neck,
And his anery mind was gone,
For where the two footed track gave out,
A four-footed track went on.

Her nightstown lay upon the snow,
As it might on a bed-sheet,
And the tracks that led from where it lay,
Were never of human feet.

He first started into walking back,
And then he began to run,
And his quarry turned all in her track,
And hunted him in turn.

An empty bed now waits for him,
As he lies in a crimson tide,
Beware, beware, oh trapper man,
Beware the greezly bride.

(greezly means uncanny)

THE GRIZZLY BRIDE

DM
Lie down, my newly married wife,
DM
Lie easy if you can,
DM
You're young and ill accustomed yet,
DM
DM
I'm sleeping with a man.

The snow was deep, the moon was full,
As it shone on the cabin floor,
His young wife rose without a word,
And ran barefoot through the door.

He up and followed fast and sure,
And an angry man was he,
But his young wife wasn't over in elude,
Although the moon shone clearly.

He followed her tracks through the new-deep snow,
Calling out loud her name,
But only the coyotes in the hills,
Yelled back at him again.

Then the pair stood up alone his neck,
And his angry mind was gone,
For where the two footed track save out,
A four-footed track went on.

Her nightgown lay upon the snow,
As it might on a bed-sheet,
And the tracks that led from where it lay,
Were never of human feet.

He first started into walking back,
And then he began to run,
And his quarry turned all in her track,
And hunted him in turn.

An empty bed now waits for him,
As he lies in a crimson tide,
Beware, beware of trespassing,
Beware the grizzly bride.

(Grizzly means uncanny)

[illegible]



In order to further
the **H**appiness of the
Universe in general, and
of we two in particular,
We have Decided to
Pledge our **T**roth.
The exchange of
Vows will take
place in Chicago
in early June next.

Deirdre M. Murphy
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